

Morgan, Henry James

In Memoriam: Recollections of Father
Dawson... Ottawa, 1895.

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IN MEMORIAM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER DAWSON

BY

HENRY J. MORGAN.

(RE-PRINTED FROM "THE OWL.")

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A PORTION OF THE SERMON

PREACHED BY THE

REV. W. T. HERRIDGE, B.D.,

PASTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN) CHURCH, OTTAWA,

REFERRING TO DR. DAWSON'S EXAMPLE AND CAREER,

AND OTHER TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear ;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning.
Choose thine own time ;
Say not "good-night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."

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OTTAWA :

PAYNTER & ABBOTT.

1895.



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IN MEMORIAM.

*With the Author's
Compliments*
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TO
SANDFORD FLEMING, ESQUIRE,
C.M.G., LL.D., M.I.C.E.,
CHANCELLOR
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE,
CANADA.

Dear Dr. Fleming,—

As one of Father Dawson's oldest and most valued friends, and one, moreover, who did so much to secure for that sterling gentleman the recognition due his many literary merits, I ask you to accept of the dedication to this brief and inadequate tribute to his memory, begging, at the same time, to be allowed to express to you the sentiments of profound respect with which your character has always inspired me, whether as a private citizen, or in your more enlarged capacity as a public man.

Wishing you many years of added usefulness, prosperity and honour,

*I remain,
Dear Dr. Fleming,
Yours faithfully,*

HENRY J. MORGAN.

*483 Bank Street,
Ottawa, January, 1895.*

NOW PREPARING]

THE LIFE, SPEECHES AND LITERARY REMAINS

OF

THE HONOURABLE .

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, M.P., M.R.I.A.,

POET, ORATOR AND STATESMAN.

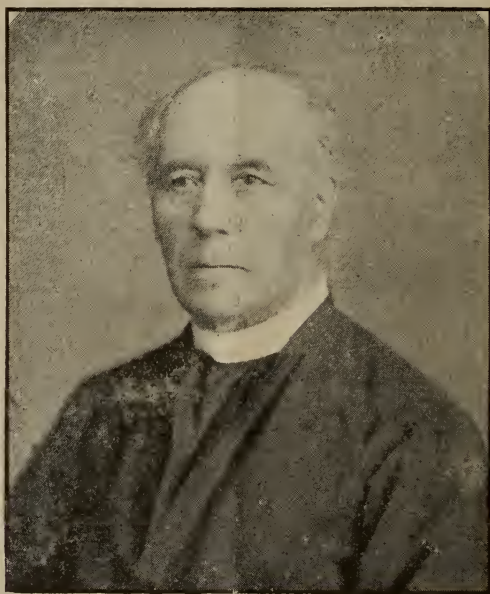
Having been selected by a Committee of Irish Canadian gentlemen to compile and edit a work with the above title, the undersigned would be glad to receive assistance in the task from such persons as may be in a position to contribute interesting anecdotes or recollections in connection with Mr McGee's career in Canada, or to furnish reports of lectures and speeches delivered, or copies of letters, reports or memoranda, written by him during the same period.

Communications to be addressed

HENRY J. MORGAN,

P.O. Box 445,

Ottawa, Canada.



THE LATE VERY REV. A. McD. DAWSON, V.G.

Recollections of Father Dawson.

(REPRINTED FROM "THE OWL.")

"Feed the flock of God, which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

I PETER, V., 2.



HAVING been asked by the conductors of THE OWL, to furnish them, for publication in their popular periodical, with some of my recollections of our lately deceased and widely lamented townsman, the Very Reverend Dr. Dawson, V.G., I have thrown into the following pages, and now submit, the impressions left on my mind, after an acquaintance of over thirty years, with that eminent scholar and divine. I think I first heard of Father Dawson in 1863-4, when preparing for publication my *Bibliotheca Canadensis*. In that work will be found an account of his various literary undertakings from the time when as a very young man he made his first essay as a writer. I was then living in Quebec, but before the appearance of the book, being then as now, a member of the Civil Service, I came to Ottawa, on the removal hither of the seat of government, and on that occasion had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Dawson for the first time. It was in the autumn of 1865, and the friendship which was then formed between us, he, a man well advanced in years, and I but just come of age, remained firm and unbroken until the end. There were as members of the public service at that time, as there are at present, many ripe scholars and men of fine literary tastes, among whom I recall the late John Langton, the late Dr. Adamson, the late Dr. Alpheus Todd, the late Dr. Taché, the late A. Gerin-Lajoie, the late Fennings Taylor, the late Etienne Parent, the late R. S. M. Bouchette, Dr. E. A. Meredith, Mr. W. H. Griffin, Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, Mr. Arthur Harvey and Mr. J. C. Patterson,

the present Minister of Militia and Defence, and it was to many of them, as it certainly was to the younger members of the fraternity, like myself, a matter of sincere pleasure and congratulation to meet among the residents of the new Capital one with Dr. Dawson's refinement and breeding and high claims to intellectual excellence. The opportunities, however, were not many, for cultivating new acquaintances. Owing to a lack of accomodation, many of the public employees were unable as yet to remove their household gods to Ottawa, and there were few, if any, agreeable places of resort, beyond the Russell House and Pat O'Meara's eating-house across the Sapper's Bridge. But Father Dawson was a prominent member of the old Mechanic's Institute and Athenaeum, where he frequently lectured in company with the late Mr. A. J. Russell, the late Major Perry, the late Mr. Henry J. Friel, and our present distinguished townsmen, Dr. Thorburn and Sir James Alexander Grant, and it was in the reading-room and library of this venerable institution that the more serious minded of the new-comers accustomed themselves to foregather during the long winter evenings, either to discuss philosophy or talk over the events of the day.

Father Dawson made everyone at home, and was always much in request in this circle. He, as I have remarked, was a fine scholar, had read largely and diligently in general literature, and, in addition, kept himself remarkably well informed on all that was transpiring in our daily world. He possessed also, what is so seldom seen in one from the land of Macallum More, a bright and ready wit, which was rarely if ever found to be out of place; but what,

in my opinion, gave him so firm a hold on the affections of men was his broad-minded, liberal, Catholic spirit, so free from all manner of bigotry and intolerance. Such a man could not fail of impressing his personality most particularly upon the mind and heart of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, then in the zenith of his fame, whose especial mission in Canada seems to have been the cultivation of a spirit of unity and brotherhood among all creeds and nationalities. The poet-statesman was at this period a member of the government, and in the prosecution of his duties, came frequently to Ottawa. He formed a feeling of the deepest regard and friendship for Father Dawson, and when in town would have him constantly near him, along with others of similar worth and merit. I recall an incident at the delivery of one of his lectures in Ottawa, I think it was the last one of a delightful series given by him in illustration of public opinion, life and character, in the old Theatre, Wellington street, not long before his barbarous assassination. Mr. McGee had on either side of him, on the stage, the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder, rector of Christ Church and our departed friend, Dr. Dawson. Rising at the commencement of the proceedings, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he invited attention to the strength of his support. "With Father Dawson on one side of me and Father Lauder on the other, I think," said he, "Church and State will be found to be well represented here on this occasion!" Later, in 1869, we had the Ottawa Literary Club, of which the late Mr. W. McKay Wright, a young and popular M. P., was President, and Father Dawson 1st Vice-President. Among those who took part in our winter course of lectures, were Dr. Bourinot, the present clerk of the House of Commons, Col. Gray of New Brunswick, Mr. Alfred Wheeler, Mr. Benjamin Sulte, Mr. H. B. Small, Mr. A. J. Christie, Q.C., Mr. G. H. Macaulay, and Mr. Carroll Ryan, but undoubtedly the worthy Father's contribution—on McGee—was the *chef d'œuvre* of the series. Father Dawson was at this time an occupant of the Bishop's Palace, doing duty with that exemplary priest and excellent gentleman, Vicar General Dandurand, to whom, with the late Bishop Phelan, the Catholics of Ottawa owe the erection of

their handsome Cathedral church. Afterwards, he moved into private lodgings on Ashburnham hill with the late Father Collins. I frequently visited him and he as often came to see me at my bachelor's quarters, at Matthew's hotel, now the Rideau Street convent. We took many pleasant strolls together, and I may here remark, as an evidence of his nice sense of delicacy, that never during the entire period of our long and close acquaintance, did he at any time broach in conversation any matter of a controversial religious character, or seek in any way to influence my judgment in a religious way. He knew that I belonged to another Church, and like the true gentleman that he was, respected my individual convictions. Sometimes, however, I questioned him, and I remember on one occasion asking him to describe Heaven. His reply was characteristic of the purity and simplicity of his nature. "To my mind," he said, "Heaven is like a beautiful garden, full of lovely plants and flowers, and where we walk about and hold converse with saints and angels, and all is endless peace and joy." How fitting it was that at the last his pathway to the grave should be strewn with the rose, the lily and the laurel leaf. Many a dainty and pleasant little repast I have had with the dear old gentleman either at his private rooms or at Matthew's or O'Meara's aforesaid, the latter of whose fame as a *chef*, like the flavor of his dishes, lingers fondly in the memory of many of his former guests. Alas! how few remain with us to-day of the many delightful friends and companions of the past. Gone to his reward is the good Bishop, and gone his devoted secretary, the ex-priest of St. Patrick's; gone also Dr. Tabarat, Father Bennett, and that other faithful servant of Christ, Father Molloy; gone the Donaldsons, gone the Douglasses, and gone the Armstrongs, Wrights, Skeads, Curriers, Thompsons, Goodwins, Sherwoods, Fellowes, Lyons, Friels, Bells, O'Reillys, Cruices, Wallers, Himsworths, Lees, Powells, Lindsays, Haringtons, Wises, Mackays, Montizamberts, Stevensons, Russells, Forrests, and others whose well remembered forms come back to us not infrequently in memory. I remember, especially, one notable gathering at Matthew's, a building having some political associations, in

that it was the home of the Nova Scotia "Repealers" at the dawn of confederation, and later, witnessed within its walls the birth of "Canada First," Foster, Mair, Haliburton, Schultz, Denison, Father Dawson and the writer being present to rock its cradle. The occasion was a large public banquet, having for its two fold celebration the departure from Ottawa of Benjamin Sulte the historian, and the arrival here of Sangster the poet. His Worship Mayor Friel, an old journalist, occupied the chair, and there were present with us many other representative men. Father Dawson favored us with an original poem in Sangster's honor, and subsequently responded to the toast of "The memory of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee," which was drunk in solemn silence. George Henry Macaulay, afterwards killed at Papineauville during an election contest, also spoke very eloquently at this gathering on the "*Entente cordiale*" between the French and English races. About this time Dr. Dawson was induced to join the Rideau Club, his proposer being Mr. Under Secretary Meredith, before mentioned. He remained a member of the Club until his death, and as such was daily brought into contact with some of the most eminent of our statesmen and public men. He knew intimately all the great political leaders of his time, including Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Leonard Tilley, Mr. Howe, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Laurier, as well as the several Governors-General, and was oftentimes an honored and privileged guest at Government House. As an Imperial Federationist and an unwavering upholder of everything tending to the strength and solidity of the Empire, he enjoyed the particular friendship and regard of such men as the late Archbishop Connolly of Halifax, the Very Rev. Principal Grant, Bishop Macdonald of Harbor Grace, General Lowry, C.B., Hon. ex-Speaker Miller of the Senate, Senator Macdonald of British Columbia, of Lieut.-Governor Schultz, and last but by no means least, of our eminent fellow citizen Dr. Sanford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University. The marked respect accorded to him was the tribute offered by old and young to one of his years, position and merit. On one occasion Principal Grant was lecturing in Ottawa. He was in the

midst of one of the finest passages in his address, when the door opened and there passed slowly up the centre aisle a bent and venerable figure. It was Father Dawson, come out in the midst of a violent snow-storm to lend encouragement by his presence to the cause in hand. The lecturer, recognizing the new-comer, instantly stopped, and walking half-way down the hall to meet him, cried out as he grasped his outstretched hand: "Father Dawson I am proud to welcome you here; you have paid us a great compliment in coming out on such an inclement night." The good priest was led in triumph to a post of honor on the stage, but so loud and frequent was the applause, that it was some considerable time before the lecturer was enabled to proceed by the audience. I recall many similar acts of attention. Regularly each summer the late Senator Price would forward to him several choice salmon, the first fruits of the fishing season; and then, how thoughtful and full of courtesy it was of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Stanley and Lord Aberdeen never to allow the venerable gentleman to walk any portion of the way on returning to town from Rideau Hall. On these occasions the viceregal carriage or sleigh would be brought into requisition for his benefit, and an A.D.C. or orderly be despatched to see him safely to his quiet lodgings in the Upper Town.

In 1866 Dr. Dawson was selected for appointment as Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Queen's troops, Ottawa in that year becoming a garrison town by the arrival here of the right wing of H. M.'s rooth Regt., or Royal Canadians. On their departure, he fulfilled the same duties in connection with the several other regiments that successively followed, among which were the 1st Batt., Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade, Col. the Right Honorable Lord Alexander Russell, C.B.; the 1st Batt. 60th, or King's Royal Rifle Corps, Lt. Col. R. J. E. Robertson; and the 4th Batt. P.C.O. Rifle Brigade, Lt. Col. H. R. L. Newdegate. Service for the R.C. troops was held, with the permission of the Bishop, in the crypt of the Cathedral, now the Basilica. As chaplain, Father Dawson was regularly invited to dine at the officer's mess, and as there were always among the officers of the regiments some who professed the Catholic faith, the scions of old English county families like the Wickhams, Bunburys,

Fairfields and Cliffords, the chaplain never found himself otherwise than completely at home on these festive occasions. Sir Francis Turville, Lord Lisgar's Secretary, who was here at the same time, belonged also to the Catholic Church, and attended Dr. Dawson's services for the troops. I have been told that the venerable father was a great favorite with both officers and men, and exercised no little influence, especially in the orderly-room when pleading "in arrest of judgment" for some erring warrior. His was ever a kind good heart, overflowing with love for his fellowmen, always open to the cry of sorrow, and always ready for any work of mercy either for the bodies or the souls of men. I could relate many stories in illustration, but two will suffice. One of these has reference to his exertions in behalf of a condemned convict in the West. The case, to my mind, was an aggravated one, but the good priest, after an examination of the papers, felt convinced there was a miscarriage of justice somewhere in the premises. Acting upon this idea, he left no stone unturned to secure a commutation of the sentence—going frequently to interview Lord Lisgar, the Governor General, on the subject. The prisoner was a friendless Irish Catholic, having no claims upon the priest save that of being a fellow creature in distress. Father Dawson could not save him, however, and at the appointed time, he was duly executed. The other case was that of a personal friend—the late Mr. W. L. Gane, known in the annals of literature as "The Lowe Farmer"—who lay at the point of death. Mutual friends urged Father Dawson to visit Gane, but as the sick man was a Protestant, the former, with that nice appreciation of the situation I have previously touched upon, hesitated and held back. At length word came that Gane was *in extremis*, and then putting all other considerations aside, the Father no longer hesitated. In relating the circumstance to me, he said: "I just went to the door of the room, and looking in, saw our poor friend Gane in his bed all propped up with pillows. I waited until I caught his eye, and then, without entering farther, I said to him: 'Oh! Mr. Gane, have faith in God—put your whole trust in God!' He nodded his head in assent, and I knew that he had heard me."

Then, who has not heard of his many efforts as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. It was acts of kindness, of gentleness, of mercy such as these which made the old man's life beautiful and blessed, and that doubtless led my friend Robert Haliburton to observe to me, that when he should himself be *in extremis* there was no one he would sooner have near him at that supreme moment than "dear old Father Dawson." But I must hasten with what remains to be told. After the departure of the troops, Father Dawson resumed his duties at the Palace, and later, was appointed by the late Bishop Guiges, to be parish priest of Osgoode, in succession to the well-known Celtic scholar, the Rev. Thomas O'Boyle. Here he remained for eight years, and as he had a comfortable presbytery and was surrounded by a prosperous, intelligent and contented people, I take it he was reasonably happy. Indeed, I am sure of the fact, judging from the tone of his letters to me. Writing July 16, 1873, he says: "Should I miss you on coming to town, the only remedy will be that you come to spend a few days with me in the country. My notions about town and country are far from being Canadian. They are rather *homespun*, and to many people must appear so in more senses than one. I hold to them, however, and would have everybody brought to believe that there is more enjoyment as well as more elegance and refinement in rural abodes than in crowded cities. *Nobis placeant ante omnia sylvæ.*"

No doubt, the leisure he now enjoyed was turned to good account in more ways than one, and we probably owe to it the preparation of one of his masterpieces: "*Pius IX and His Times.*" On examining the list of his works in THE OWL for June, 1892, it will be seen that he contributed to literature a very large number of translations, essays, poems, histories and critical writings, many of which are of great value and merit. His literary fame, as I have said elsewhere, will not unlikely rest upon the work first named, and upon "*The History of the Catholics of Scotland,*" and his "*Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope,*" the latter of which on its appearance was highly eulogised in the London press by one of the Wilberforces. Dr. Dawson wrote with elegance, force and

vigor, and he had the power of compressing an immense amount of research into a small compass. 'On looking over some of the papers which have come into my possession, as his literary executor, I find among his early poems one on the massacre of Oszmiana in Lithuania, which he was induced to write by a friend of Poland in 1844. Although the lines were intended merely as an expression of sympathy with the unfortunate Poles, the late Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, then the vice-president of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, deemed them of sufficient importance to indite a letter of thanks to their accomplished author. "The Christian and truly noble sentiments," writes His Lordship, "with which this short poem is replete, and the vigorous and poetic language in which it is expressed, fill me with admiration, and I determined to take the liberty of conveying to you directly my thanks for the gratification which I had derived from the perusal of it. It is always most gratifying to me to find others sympathizing with me in my feelings for Poland, and that sympathy is still more grateful when it comes from men of reflection, of learning, and of talent; and I can add most sincerely, that I am never more gratified than when it comes from members of that sacred profession to which you belong. * * *

It gives me the liveliest pleasure to find that that great cause has in you a friend who appreciates its merits so fully, and who expresses them so felicitously." Among other of his many poetical pieces which I have always admired are the well known lines on the "*Heroine of Vercheres*," "*In Defence*," and the poem in blank verse, "*Zenobia*." Here is also a very beautiful poem adapted to Moore's "*The World is all a Fleeting Show*":

Who'd not this transient world forego,
And longing look through Faith to Heaven?—
To Heaven beyond life's fleeting show,
Where joys that perish not are given?

No tears are there the eye that dim,
Nor false the smiles which light that sphere;
The lips are true that raise the hymn—
The hymn of rapture sounding there.

Its glory knows no flick'ring flame;
Like brightest morning aye it glows;
To-day and yesterday the same,
No fading hues it can disclose.

And love is there and beauty's bloom,
Not blossoms gathered to decay;
Deceitful hope hath there no room,
Nor pleasure's lure to block our way.

There tossed no more on stormy wave,
The wanderers of earth find rest;
Beyond life's bourn—beyond the grave,
With glories ever new they're blessed.

Nor lights that realm fond Fancy's beam,
Nor doubting Reason's feeble ray;
Ten thousand Suns reflecting gleam
The light of God's eternal day.

Serene that world; no tempest howls;
No surging waves can shake its peace;
Calm and untroubled are all souls;
From care and warfare they've release.

It might here be stated that Dr. Dawson had the honor of writing the first book ever issued from the press in Ottawa; and that he was one of the first in the lecture field, to call attention to the resources and capabilities of the great North-West, a country with whose history and development two other members of his family, Simon James Dawson, late M.P. for Algoma, and William McD. Dawson, formerly M.P. for Three Rivers and for Ottawa, have been closely identified. I find also that in a lecture on China, delivered in 1861, he predicted the establishment of steam communication between Canada and the far East, and that, in another lecture, in 1865, he urged the appointment in the British metropolis of a permanent resident representative of Canada. What chiefly marked his lectures, like his other literary productions, was the extraordinary research and depth of learning he brought to bear on his subjects. On one occasion, when lecturing on the Catacombs of Rome, the late Mr. James Stevenson, general manager of the Quebec Bank, was one of his hearers. He took an especial interest in the subject, having personally explored the Catacombs some time before, and at the close of the lecture was anxious to know when Dr. Dawson had last visited the interesting scenes he had so eloquently described. When informed that Dr. Dawson had never been at Rome at all, and that all his information on the subject was derived from books, Mr. S. exclaimed: "Oh! it isn't possible; why, he knows more about the Catacombs than I do."

As a preacher he took exceptionally high rank, and his gifts of oratory, especially in his earlier days, when serving under the Bishops of Edinburgh and Southwark, were such as to draw forth very marked encomiums from those entitled to speak in that connexion. His funeral sermons on Father O'Boyle, Mayor Friel, Rev. Dr.

O'Connor and the Hon. T. D. McGee have been printed in pamphlet form, as well as his discourse on the occasion of his golden jubilee. Needless to say, had our venerable townsman not been tempted to take up his lot in Canada, he would very many years ago have been advanced to the Episcopate in his native country. He would have been Archbishop of Edinburgh, in succession to Dr. Gillis, and who shall say that the exalted office would have lost any in talent, strength or dignity by his elevation.

I have spoken of his ready wit, and will furnish one or two examples from memory. While Sir John Macdonald was at the head of the Railways and Canals, a well known member of the Commons fell foul of the late John Page, Chief Engineer of Canals, and moved for his impeachment by Parliament. Sir John, apparently, was not seriously moved by the weight of the charges, but he, as was his wont, allowed the matter to proceed to a certain length, when he stepped forward, and by increasing the offending officer's salary from \$4,000 to \$6,000, knocked the bottom out of the proceedings against him. "That," said Father Dawson, when he heard of the circumstance, "might be regarded in the light of a *soft* impeachment!" On one occasion he found himself at a dinner party at the Rideau Club. Someone who should have responded for the "Auld Kirk" was absent, and Father Dawson was called upon to take his place. "With all my heart," he exclaimed, "here's both to the Auld Kirk and to the oldest Kirk of all!" He and a gentleman from the West were having a mild discussion in my presence one day on some church topic, when the stranger exclaimed, "You know, I am no believer in sects." "Oh! I am cordially with you there," responded Father D., "I don't believe in sects either." At the last meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church held in Ottawa, its members were being entertained at some form of dinner or banquet at the Russell House. Father Dawson, youthful and buoyant as ever, was there. "Don't think," said he to Dr. Thorburn, that I am qualifying for the Moderatorship—it isn't in me!" As the Rev. Mr. Herridge has pointed out, there are many lessons to be learnt from such a life, not the least valued and important of which is the service which such a man is capable

of rendering in a mixed community such as ours in the cause of peace, order and good government. To fully realize all we owe in this respect to him and others imbued with a similar spirit, we have but to contrast the present peaceful and harmonious state of things in Ottawa with that which existed in the days of old Bytown, as recorded in Lett's unvarnished tale. Our departed friend was always on the best terms with every one and had an ill word for none, except on occasions when some peculiar act of cruelty, oppression or meanness came under his notice—then the word "brute," "animal," or "scavenger" would incontinently escape his lips. They were the most severe terms of reproach to be found in the good man's vocabulary.

In the character and habits of Dr. Dawson the results of early home influences were largely discovered. He was a true Scot, and a loyal, brave, good man, loving life well, as Daniel did of old, but loving God better. Above all, he could claim the grand old name of gentleman, because with manhood and gentleness, he combined that frank and winning courtesy which seems to have been inborn in the men of his day and generation. To the learning of a Whewell he united the simplicity of a child—but undoubtedly his greatest charm in the society in which he moved with such singular ease and grace, was his entertaining conversational powers. "We have lost making £500 a piece," said an Englishman to me as recently as in November last, after meeting Dr. Dawson at luncheon. "How's that?" I asked. "By not having a shorthand writer with us yesterday," he replied, "to take down Father Dawson's talks. His recollections of Canning and Wellington, of Grey and Peel, the Manning family, Cardinal Wiseman, the agitation for the Corn Laws, the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Emancipation Act, and all the other matters he touched upon, would, if put together, form one of the most interesting volumes ever issued from the press." Dear, unpretentious and ever welcome friend! How little we thought, as we sat chatting and gossiping over the walnuts on that bright Sunday afternoon, that even as we laughed and talked, the Unwelcome Guest was knocking at the door, and that we were listening for the last time to the good old

priest's cheery reminiscences. He is now gone from us, but not to die; for the recollection of his many noble qualities and of the example he has left behind in his completed Christian life—in love and unity with all men—will serve as a quickening impulse and inspiration for future generations. To me who knew him so long and so well, it is unspeakably precious and consoling to remember now how highly his merits were recognized, how full of happiness and contentment his life was made. While the chief seats of learning throughout the country took an especial delight in bestowing upon him some of their highest honors, the representative of his Sovereign was pleased to call him to the Supreme Guild of Literature; while the Queen's daughter, our beautiful and accomplished Princess, was proud to admit one—to use the language of Bishop Macdonell—"of his humble priestly life,"—to the inner circle of her counsellors and friends, and to order the execution of his portrait for her private collection in England, the Church he loved with such ceaseless devotion, was

not unmindful of him in distributing her dignities. Had he lived till April next, he would have been privileged to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the holy priesthood, but that consolation was denied him. Yet what greater comfort his; he died in the full possession of his noble intellectual faculties, and enjoying to the full the love and reverence of all. Truly, in summing up his character, we may say of him as was well said of another, that he was one

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow,
Through either babbling world of high and low,
Whose life was work—whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Greatest, yet with least pretence,
Foremost-hearted of his time.
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity, sublime.

HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, January 14th, 1895.

Since Father Dawson's death, his neice, Mrs. W. H. Fuller, of Ottawa, has received various communications from friends of the lamented deceased, living at a distance, from two of which I am permitted to make extracts. His Lordship the Bishop of Alexandria writes:—

"I entertained great regard for him. His conversation and manner were so charming that it was a pleasure to spend a while in his society and hear him talk. As he labored not for the sake of human appearance but rather to serve his Master whom he loved so sincerely, let us hope that he now enjoys the reward of his humble priestly life."

Mr. Paul V. Flynn, editor and manager of *The New Jersey Trade Review*, writes—

"It grieved me sorely to hear of the death of my beloved and venerable friend, your uncle. He was indeed in advance of the times in all that adds greatness to true manhood. He has appeared before the Tribunal of Justice, and I doubt not was received by the God of Mercy with the welcome promised to the 'good and faithful servant.' It will be ever my pleasing duty to say a daily prayer for the

repose of his soul. Dr. Dawson was indeed more than a friend to me. From the time I first met him in 1860, a bond of sympathy closely drew us together. I then regarded him as a Prince among the Princes of the Church, and it is to his fatherly advice that I owe, under Heaven, whatever reputation I may have gained in the sphere of life in which I am engaged. I imbibed from his lips lessons of duty to my neighbor, my country and my God, and never to sacrifice the truth, no matter what contingency might arise. He was fearless, and yet how gentle. In him the Church militant loses one of its noblest types, while the field of letters in the Dominion will be constrained to keep his chair vacant, during the present generation at least. His works will live an incentive to others to imitate his example. Two and a half years ago I took a trip to Ottawa to see Father Dawson; but I was disappointed, for he had gone to the country. My time was very limited, so that I was obliged to return to the States. I had hoped, however, that I might be able to meet him next summer; but if I do, it will be in Heaven."

A distinguished member of the Canadian judiciary likewise writes to me :

"Very many thanks for your kindness in sending the *Citizen* with the article on Father Dawson in it. He was such a kindly liberal man that without considering his creed he could be proclaimed a 'Christian' in the true sense of the term. And for the same reason the Rev. Mr. Herridge is so much admired and weilds so much influence. He has the principles of Christianity that broaden the minds of those he teaches and make them tolerant, which is something much needed in Canada. I never saw Mr. Herridge, but he is one of my ideals of what an instructor of religious truths ought to be."

The late Rev. Dr. Dawson.

(OTTAWA *Citizen*, DECEMBER 31, 1894.)

As the sad news spread about the city on Saturday evening announcing the sudden death, on that day, of the venerable Father Dawson, the many expressions of regret every where heard, bore eloquent tribute to the deep and lasting character of the ties which had existed for so long a time between the departed gentleman and all classes of his fellow citizens. For over forty years the late Dr. Dawson has labored in Ottawa, and although for the past ten years he had retired to a large extent from the actual work of the ministry, he nevertheless, up to the last, took an active interest in the operations of the church to which he belonged, and also in all the moral, social and educational enterprises with which the welfare of Ottawa is identified.

The death of the venerable divine was due to heart failure, superinduced by a cold contracted on Christmas morning. On that day, as was his wont for several years past, on Sundays and other occasions of high church festival, he celebrated early mass in the Convent chapel of the Congregation de Notre Dame, Gloucester Street. On proceeding to the chapel from his lodgings, in the same street, he omitted to wear his winter overcoat, carrying it instead on his arm. This act of neglect or imprudence cost him his life. He performed his appointed office at the chapel, but with difficulty, and even later in the day succeeded in reaching the Archbishop's Palace, whither he went as a matter of duty to wish His Grace the compliments of the season, but his strength by that time was apparently exhausted, and he was carried home to die—to give back to his Maker the life which throughout had been devoted to such pure and noble purposes.

The late Father Dawson had lived so long in Ottawa, and was brought into such intimate personal relations with so many, that we question if there was a man, woman or child in the community who did not know him either personally or by reputation. His death therefore appeals with strong and peculiar force to everyone. But although so well known among us, how few there were, such was the innate modesty of the man in referring to his own achievements and experiences—how few there were, who had any conception of the many stirring events which lined and marked his long and remarkable career:—Of his student days at Paris, Douai and Blairs; of his participation as an eye-witness in at least one Revolution in France; of his experiences as a page of honor to King Charles X. of France; of his services as chaplain at Murtley Castle, near Balmoral, in spiritual attendance on several of the great Scottish nobles; of his troubles and sufferings during the prevalence of cholera, typhus fever and smallpox in the Edinburgh and Dumfries missions; of his intimate personal relations with his great kinsmen, the "Hero of Hugoumont," and the saintly and patriotic Bishop Macdonell of Kingston, whose dying eyes he helped to close; of his discovery and subsequent transfer to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, of the celebrated Scotch relic, the "Quigerich," or Crozier of St. Fillan; and of his further discovery of the famous Cromarty bowl which passed into the possession of his family by right of inheritance from the ancient Earls of Cromarty. All these and other equally interesting matters and details were reserved for the entertain-

ment of those of kindred tastes, and then only unfolded when he and his friends were gathered in the quiet of his or their home around the fireside or at the family board.

The late Dr. Dawson had long since attained the allotted span of life. He was born, according to the family record, at Red Haven, Banffshire, Scotland, July 30th 1810, being one of nine sons born unto John Dawson and his spouse Anne McDonnell. On both the father and the mother's side, the family was connected with historic families—the maternal grandfather being for a long period heir presumptive to the estates and honours of the ancient house of Glengarry. After being well grounded in the classics at the grammar school, Portsoy, our future townsman, went at the age of sixteen to pursue his ecclesiastical studies at the Episcopal Seminary at Paris, where he had for fellow students the late Bishop Gillis, a native Canadian, and the celebrated Mgr. Dupanloup. The revolution of 1830 occurring, young Dawson continued his divinity course at the Benedictine College, Douai, returning to Scotland in April, 1835, for final study and examination at St. Mary's College, Blairs. In the same year, he was ordained to the priesthood and appointed assistant in the important parish of Dumfries. While there he was instrumental in founding a new mission at Annan, of which place the Reverend Lord Archibald Douglas, who is not unknown in ecclesiastical circles in Ottawa, is now incumbent. In 1840 he was entrusted with the northern missions of Edinburgh, and subsequently had separate charge of the Counties of Fife, Kinross and Clackmannan. Here he remained until 1852, when having been invited to Canada by Bishop Macdonell, he obtained permission to come to this country, whither his parents had previously removed in 1830. For two years, however, he remained in England, and while there he was afforded the gratification of attending the first diocesan synod of the Church of Rome that had been held in London since the period of the Reformation. It was also at this time that he received from Pope Pius IX., as an acknowledgement of his eminent church services, the right or privilege to recite in this country the church office as he had been accustomed to do in Scotland, according to the Roman Ordo. At the special request of the Bishop of Southwark, the necessary indult was granted by the Holy Father under his sign manual. After a short stay at Quebec, where he was the guest of the venerable Archbishop Turgeon and officiated at St. Patrick's, the newly arrived priest was accredited to Bytown, now Ottawa, and appointed to the charge of the Upper Town, as that portion of the Capital on the left bank of the Rideau and the Rideau Canal was then called. This charge he held for upwards of five years with general acceptance. At a later period he labored in the Osgoode mission field, as the successor therein of the well known Celtic scholar, Father O'Boyle, and when, afterwards, during the sixties, Ottawa became a garrison town, having successive regiments of the line stationed here, it was Father Dawson who was selected by the General Commanding, to become Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Queen's forces. In 1875, he was recommended for appointment as Principal of the newly established Provincial Normal and Model School at Ottawa, and would have received the office had he been within the age limit.

Of late, the departed gentleman, owing to advancing years and growing infirmities, had not had any settled charge, but had devoted himself largely to literary work, for which he had a special taste and aptitude. As already stated, he was accustomed to celebrate mass at the chapel of the ladies of the chapel of the Congregation de Notre Dame, and there he was regularly to be found every Sunday morning, and on other occasions, rain or shine, as the saying is. His golden jubilee as a priest was celebrated in Ottawa in 1885, the service being held at the Basilica; and, in December, 1890, on the occasion of his attaining his 80th year, another celebration in his honor took place at the City Hall, under the auspices of the St. Andrews Society of Ottawa. On this latter occasion citizens of all denominations vied with one another to give expression to the feeling of regard and attachment in which he was held by them, both as a Christian minister and their fellow-citizen. The demonstration was more practical in its results than such demonstrations usually are, for in addition to a fine set of furs, the worthy father was made the recipient of a well filled purse. Nor was the opportunity lost by the Church, for in the absence of the Archbishop of Ottawa at Rome, the Bishop of the adjoining

Scotch diocese of Alexandria, marked his sense of Father Dawson's services as the historian of the Church in Scotland by appointing him an honorary Vicar-General of his diocese.

The late Dr. Dawson was probably one of the finest classical scholars of his day. He was likewise well read in general literature, both French and English—and, in addition, kept himself up to the last remarkably well posted in current events both here and in all portions of the Empire and the world at large.

His literary fame will doubtless rest on his "*History of the Catholics of Scotland*," and his "*Pius the Ninth and His Time*," the latter of which has been pronounced by so good an authority as the London *Month* to be the best biography of that Pontiff that has yet appeared. Towards the close of his life honors and rewards fell thickly upon the learned and accomplished gentleman. He was, as we have seen made an honorary Vicar-General of Alexandria. About the same time, he received from Queen's University his doctor's gown as an LL.D., which was followed by Laval University with the degree of Doctor of Letters. More recently, the University of Ottawa conferred a similar distinction upon him. During one term he filled the office of Chaplain to the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, and at the annual convocation of Queen's University, this year, he was appointed by the board of trustees, to deliver the baccalaureate sermon, the circumstance calling for wide and favorable comment from the press and the public. His sermon, on the occasion, was such as might have been expected from one of his broad-minded Christian character. He spoke strongly in favor of the unity of divided Christendom and hoped that the talk of unity in the churches now sometimes heard might produce as its fruit a perfect union in the divided Kingdom of God.

This sentiment might well serve as Dr. Dawson's epitaph—for the worthiest efforts of his life were given to offices of the purest and most whole souled charity. In other respects he had rendered very important services to the community—his efforts especially as President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty entitling his memory to be kept green and fragrant in the public recollection for very many years to come. In short, it may truly be said of this venerable and much lamented divine that he nobly fulfilled the spiritual injunction of doing with all his might whatever his hand found to do, and that in all the relations in which he appeared before the public whether as poet, historian, orator, priest or gentleman, he acquitted himself so as to command the respect, the admiration and affection of all classes of his fellow-subjects. Rest and peace to his ashes!

M.

Funeral of the Very Rev. Dr. Dawson.

An impressive Service in St. Patrick's Church.

(OTTAWA *Citizen*, JANUARY 3, 1895.)

The funeral of the late Very Rev. Father Dawson, V.G., took place yesterday morning from St. Patrick's Church. It was attended by many notable men and others showing the great respect in which the deceased was held. Among those present were Rev. Dr. Moore, of Bank Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Herridge, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Bogert, of St. Alban's, Anglican, Rev. Drs. Marks and Stewart, Methodist. Other gentlemen noticed were Mr. Sandford Fleming, C. M. G., Sir James A. Grant, K.C.M.G., M.P., Mr. William Mackey, Hon. R. W. Scott, Q. C., Dr. Kingsford, Lieut.-Col. White, President of the St. George's Society, Mr. Henry J. Morgan, Mr. Albert Norton Morgan, Mr. John A. Macdonell, Q.C., (Greenfield), Mr. Thos. Macfarlane, His Worship the Mayor, Lt.-Col. Macpherson, Mr. Robillard, M.P., Dr. St. Jean, ex-M.P., D. O'Connor, Q.C., Martin O'Gara, Q.C., Dr. Thorburn, Dr. Baptie, Mr. McLeod Stewart, Mr. John A. Gemmill, Mr. John Poupore, ex-M.P., Lt.-Col. Tilton, Mr. J. L. P. O'Hanly and Ald. Starrs and Bingham.

The St. Andrew's Society turned out in full force, and sent a handsome floral decoration in the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross. Among other notable floral tributes were a wreath "as a mark of respect and admiration" from the Hon. John C. Schultz, Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba; a broken pillar "in deepest sympathy" from Mr. Sandford Fleming; a wreath on behalf of Queen's University, Kingston; cut roses and lilies "in pleasant remembrance of old times" from Mr. Robt. G. Haliburton, Q.C., now at Cairo; and a cross "in memory of an old and esteemed friend" from Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Morgan. The breast of the deceased was covered with white hyacinths, placed there by the loving hands of his niece, Mrs. W. H. Fuller.

Owing to the intervening of New Year's Day, which is observed as a holiday in the Catholic Church, the remains of the venerable priest could not—as would otherwise have been the case—lie in state in the parish church, but the number of mourners who thronged his quiet abode on Gloucester Street during the three days preceding his funeral testified to the warm affection in which he was held.

In the absence of Archbishop Duhamel in Halifax, Vicar-General Routhier celebrated the mass for the dead. He was assisted by Fathers Whalen, Campeau and Plantin, and many of the professors from the University of Ottawa, of which the deceased was a distinguished honor man. At the conclusion of the services the remains were taken for interment to the cemetery at Fallowfield, where there have been already deposited those of the parents and of his brothers who have predeceased him, viz: Adam, in his lifetime editor of the *Bytown Gazette*; William McDonell, formerly M.P. for the County of Ottawa, and some others. Mr. Simon J. Dawson, ex-M.P. for Algoma in the House of Commons, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fuller, the latter Dr. Dawson's niece, were the chief mourners at the funeral and accompanied the remains to their last resting place, together with his other kinsman, Captain John A. Macdonell, of Alexandria.

A Presbyterian Tribute to the Memory of a Gentle Catholic Priest.

(OTTAWA *Citizen*, JANUARY 7, 1895.)

In St. Andrew's Church yesterday morning Rev. W. T. Herridge preached from Ps. 89: 26: "Thou art my Father." He showed how the idea of the Fatherhood of God had been gradually revealed to men, through underlying the work of Divine Providence from the beginning. He then unfolded the vast significance of that truth, and dwelt upon the practical effects of its acceptance upon human character. In speaking of its work in the development of Christian charity, he made the following reference to the late Father Dawson:

"Last Wednesday morning a Requiem was chanted over the mortal remains of an old resident of this city, the priest of a communion ecclesiastically opposed to our own, but whose life illustrated the grand inclusiveness of Christian charity. Some of you may recall that sermon of his he preached before the members of St. Andrew's Society upon the very same subject which is engaging our thought to-day. It was a sermon beautiful in its simplicity, the sermon of one whose heart, too large for sectionalism of any kind, went out in love to our common humanity and faith in our common God. Some self-constituted defenders of Protestantism fell upon me because I expressed the pleasure I should feel in having such a discourse repeated from the lips of my late venerable friend to the members of this congregation. Abuse is sometimes an unintentional compliment. If Protestantism and bigotry are synonymous terms—which God forbid!—I wish to be a Protestant no longer. The Christian, no matter to what church he belongs, will find no difficulty in reconciling firmness of personal conviction with decorous respect for the views of others. It is hate, not love, which places truth in jeopardy. If Christendom is ever to be reunited, we must first proceed along the lines of least resistance, emphasizing those great essential facts which are accepted by

all followers of Jesus Christ, and believing in the efficacy of the principles which He proclaimed yet to break down every barrier of sect and creed and join His Church into one. There are noble souls in every ecclesiastical communion who are longing for the dawn of that day when spiritual affinities shall triumph over intellectual divergences and reveal the brotherhood of Christian disciples all over the world. A life like that of Father Dawson eloquently pleads for such a consummation, for truth instead of mere opinion, for tolerance instead of tyranny, for Christ instead of ecclesiasticism, for a truly Catholic faith which shuts out no follower of the Master from the great commonwealth of God. Face to face with life's stern realities, our hearts cry out for the presence of the universal Father. Face to face with the last dread summons, the voice of peaceful trust need be but this: 'Father, now come I to Thee!'

John Reade's Tribute.

(IN "OLD AND NEW," MONTREAL *Gazette*, JAN. 19, 1895.)

Speaking of the *Tableaux vivants* at an entertainment given in Montreal by Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Mr. Reade said:

"One of the scenes, the most charming of all, I would say, if they were not all so charming, reminded me of a lately deceased poet, to whom I had the pleasure not long since of wishing many years of happy age. If the late Vicar-General Dawson had been asked with what crown he would wish to have his services to his country and his kind acknowledged, I feel assured that he would have answered, 'The Poet's Wreath.' His was a twofold inspiration. He loved to live over again the heroic struggle for freedom of the land of his birth; and Scotland's annals from the prehistoric frontier to the day when Scotia gave Britannia a king, were familiar to him, and his poetic themes embrace the long interval from Caractacus to Queen Mary. But his devotion to Scotland did not make his love of Canada less ardent, and of the many Scotchmen whose names shine in the pages of our history, Father Dawson is by no means the least eminent. One of his poems bore the title of '*Madeleine de Verchères*,' and it would have gladdened his heart to see his heroine honored by so bright and life-like a presentation.

IN THE PRESS, (Messrs. W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal.)

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Mr. Morgan was the pioneer in Canadian publications of this kind, and has done better work and more of it than any man in Canada.—*J. T. Bulmer, Halifax.*

Your name is very familiar to me. I shall be glad to have a copy of your book, and I wish you every success.—*Capt. Douglas, Naval A.D.C. to the Queen.*

If, as has been remarked, "the historian of Canada has yet to come," it is possible that Mr. Morgan's ability, perseverance and industry will fit him to occupy the proud position.—*Toronto Globe.*

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Mr. Morgan is one of whom the country has good reason to be proud. Though young, his name is already identified with the literature of Canada to perhaps a greater extent than any other man in it. He deserves well of a country he has, by his talents, eminently honoured.—*Toronto Mail.*

Mr. Henry James Morgan prépare la publication d'un dictionnaire biographique des contemporains. Le nom de l'auteur offre une garantie que ce travail offrira un intérêt plus qu'ordinaire et devra trouver sa place dans la bibliothèque de tous ceux qui s'occupent de l'histoire politique ou littéraire du Canada.—*Le Canada.*

"I hope your valuable literary labours will be appreciated by the Canadian public. You have already won distinction in this field, but you are comparatively a young man, and I hope your coming work will be the most successful of any from your facile pen. I would like a second copy of it for a friend."—HON. JAMES YOUNG, Galt, Ont.

Mr. Morgan has undertaken a work for which he is well qualified, by taste, experience and peculiar fitness. He deserves every assistance and encouragement in the prosecution of his undertaking, and we doubt not that he will exercise a just discrimination in selection as well as rejection, in preparing a work that shall be truly representative of Canadian achievement, intellect and worth.—*The Week.*

WHAT LORD ABERDEEN SAYS :

Lord Aberdeen has written Mr. Henry J. Morgan in cordial terms of approval of his new book. His Excellency says he has been much interested in reading of the proposed Canadian "MEN OF THE TIME," which he has no doubt will thoroughly carry out its purpose and thus form a most useful and desirable work of reference. The Governor-General offers best wishes for the success of the book, and is glad to learn that the list of subscribers (now exceeding twelve hundred names) is already so promising.—*Ottawa Citizen*

Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, makes the interesting announcement that he has in preparation a Canadian "Men of the Time." Mr. Morgan is well fitted for such a task. He was the pioneer in Canada in two departments of literature, viz., English biography and bibliography, and he possesses a great store of information about public men, which will be extremely useful in the preparation of the present work. Mr. Morgan's other books, such as "*Celebrated Canadians*," "*Bibliotheca Canadensis*," "*Tour of the Prince of Wales in Canada*," and "*The Annual Register*," have given him a just distinction as a most painstaking, accurate and accomplished writer. A "Men of the Time" for Canada from his experienced hand should meet with hearty favor. We have nothing that fills the place in existing books of biography, and there ought to be enough right appreciation in Canada to make the enterprise a success.—*The Empire.*





